



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

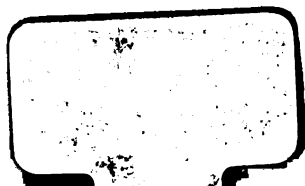
We also ask that you:

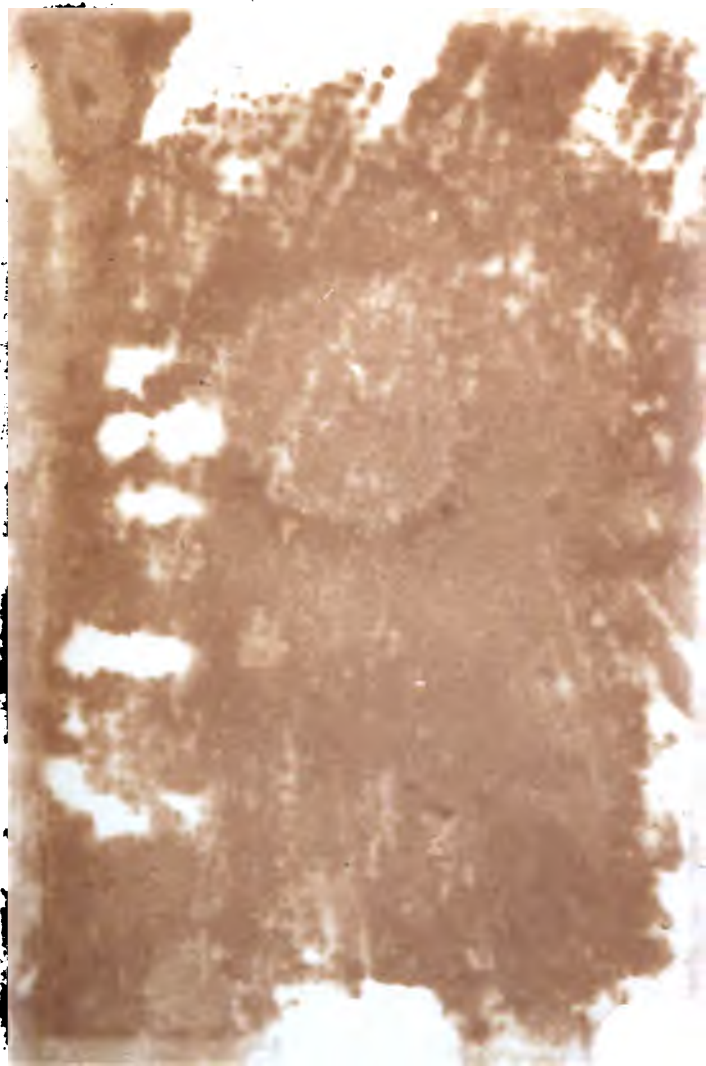
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

1489. f. 1934.











THE VILLAGE FLOWER-SHOW;

OR,

SELF-DENIAL IN LITTLE THINGS.

AND OTHER STORIES.

**MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.**





THE
Village Flower-Show;
OR,
SELF-DENIAL IN LITTLE THINGS.

AND OTHER STORIES.

'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things
of others.'—PHIL. II. 4.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM OLIPHANT & CO.
1875.





CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE VILLAGE FLOWER-SHOW; OR, SELF-DENIAL IN LITTLE THINGS,	7
HARRY BENNETT'S HALF-CROWN,	31
THE BUTTERFLY; OR, MANY FAULTS SPRING FROM ONE,	47



THE VILLAGE FLOWER-SHOW;

OR,

SELF-DENIAL IN LITTLE THINGS.



IN some parts of the country there are societies which give a prize for the prettiest bouquet. There are often separate prizes for garden flowers, and for the finest bunch of wild-flowers.

About the time when the prizes are given, numbers of children may be seen searching the woods and fields for the prettiest flowers. These prizes produce a very good effect in the places where they are given. They induce the cottagers to take great pains in cultivating their small gardens; and even the children are kept from mischief by assisting their parents in keeping their gardens neat, and tending the flowers.

In a village in which one of these horticultural societies and flower-shows was established, there was a garden which was remarkable beyond all the others for its beauty and the care with which it was cultivated. In it stood a pretty cottage and a large airy schoolhouse, to which the village children might be seen flocking every morning. But notwithstanding the numbers of little boys and girls that passed through the garden, not a flower was ever touched, not a bush destroyed. The garden was so well arranged that it was beautiful at every season. In spring, it was bright with lilac, laburnum, and hawthorn, snowdrops, crocuses, anemones, hepaticas, and hyacinths. In summer, the roses covered the walls of the house, and clustered round the roof in every variety of colour, from the darkest crimson to the purest white. In autumn, the dark purple grapes were seen ripening on the vine that was trained on the wall of the cottage, and the garden was gay with dahlias, hollyhocks, French marigolds, and the last blossoms of the geraniums. Even in winter, when there are few flowers to be seen, the garden was still bright

with the white flowers of the lauristinus, the red clusters of holly-berries, the snow-berries, the strawberry-like fruit of the arbutus, and the unchanging evergreens. The thick branches and the rosy berries of the hawthorn gave shelter and food to many little birds; God thus providing what was necessary for their wants, according to the Scripture words: 'Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.'¹

The pretty garden which we have been describing belonged to Mrs. Pierce, the mistress of the village school. She was a widow, and to her might be justly applied the words of St. Paul: 'She that is a widow indeed, and desolate, trusteth in God, and continueth in supplication and prayers night and day.'²

This good widow's pupils loved and respected her, for she showed them the affectionate interest of a mother, united with the firmness of a conscientious teacher. Her instructions had a nobler aim than merely showing off the accomplish-

¹ Matt. vi. 26.

² 1 Tim. v. 5.

ments of her pupils. Her most earnest care was to teach them Christian principles ; and with humble confidence in the promised blessing of God, she entreated Him to bless the little ones confided to her care, so that their hearts might receive the truth as it is in Jesus ; that they might learn to understand it, and to love it.

The children took great pleasure in digging and weeding the garden belonging to the school, and they carefully watched the growth of the flowers. Accordingly, when, at one of the flower-shows in the village, the first prize was awarded to Mrs. Pierce, it is scarcely possible to describe the delight of her pupils at her success, in which they all felt that they had a share, even the youngest having helped to weed the borders. Mrs. Pierce received these proofs of affection with her usual amiability, and, the next day being a holiday, she invited the pupils to spend the evening with her, and to take tea in the schoolroom.

It was in the month of May, when the meadows are covered with daisies, and the woods and hedgerows are bright with primroses and violets. The children had learned to love flowers,

and they earnestly entreated to be allowed to adorn the schoolroom with wreaths of wild-flowers and evergreens, so as to make it look bright on their holiday. Mrs. Pierce consented to their request, and they hastened to make their arrangements.

Among the pupils there were two boys, whose names were William and James. They were of the same age, and were intimate friends. James was more clever and lively, but William had more perseverance. Both tried to excel in their studies; but until this time James had succeeded in keeping the first place in his class in the school. One day he was absent, and William, who temporarily took his place, was much pleased with the honour of being at the head of the class, although he felt that he had only obtained it on account of the absence of his friend.

James was absent a whole week, and on the morning of his return the boys met at the door of the schoolroom.

‘I am above you in the class to-day, James,’ said William, ‘as you have been absent.’

These words were uttered by William in rather

a triumphant tone ; but his feelings soon changed when he observed that James was dressed in deep mourning, and that he looked very sad.

‘What is the matter, James?’ said he, kindly.

James burst into tears.

‘Oh, William, I have lost my little brother, Charlie—our sweet baby. We are all so sorry—I cannot help crying for the loss, even though I believe that he has gone to be an angel in heaven.’

William felt deeply for his friend’s sorrow. He had seen dear little Charlie, and he knew how grieved James must be to lose such a darling brother. William understood now why James had been absent from the class, and he felt that it would not be just that James should lose his place because he had had the great sorrow of losing his little brother ; therefore, when the school met, William insisted on taking the second place in the class.

‘No, William, it would not be just,’ said James, much gratified by this proof of his friend’s affection.

William went to the teacher, and asked leave to give up the first place to James.

'The first place belongs to the boy who deserves it,' replied the teacher. 'You know it is the rule of the school, that if a boy stays away he loses his place. Your friend James has lost it by being absent.'

William explained the cause of James' absence, and pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to give up the place to him, that the teacher consented. William felt the truth of the Scripture saying, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

His kindness made a deep impression on James, who little expected it. James, although of an affectionate disposition, had not yet learned the blessing and happiness which always accompany self-denial. He was inclined to help and to be kind to those whom he loved, but he cared little for others. He forgot that we are all the children of the same heavenly Father, and that we ought to try and do good to all as we have opportunity.

The day when the prizes were given was about a month after this incident we have just related. As Mrs. Pierce had agreed to the proposal of

the children to decorate the schoolroom with flowers and wreaths for the occasion, James asked his friend William to go with him to the woods and meadows to gather them, saying that he knew where the prettiest flowers were to be found.

William gladly accepted the offer, and on the day before they eagerly set off to discover the hidden treasures of the woods and fields. After the boys had gathered all they could in the more frequented places, James remembered a little pathway which led to a dell, where the earliest flowers of spring were to be found. William had already gathered as many flowers as he could carry, so he sat down to wait for James' return from his search.

James found all the flowers that he expected to get, and even more ; for what was his delight when he discovered a bed of lilies of the valley already in blossom ! We must go back to our youthful days to understand the pleasure that James felt at this unexpected sight. He shouted to William to come and share his newly-found treasure.

‘The first lilies of the valley this spring!’ exclaimed William, with a look of admiration. ‘How beautiful they are! What a splendid gift for Mrs. Pierce!’

James clapped his hands with joy.

‘It is capital to have found such rare flowers for her! these early lilies will give her so much pleasure.’

‘Oh, yes! Mrs. Pierce is so fond of flowers! We shall make a bouquet of them alone, and we will buy some bright-coloured ribbon with which to tie them up.’

‘It’s a good idea,’ said James; ‘it is much better to keep them by themselves than to mix them with the other flowers. But ought we to gather them now? Is it not better to leave them to-day, and to gather a large bunch to-morrow morning, so as to have them in all their beauty and freshness?’

William agreed to this, and the boys settled that they would meet to gather the lilies very early the next day.

Soon after sunrise the next morning the boys went to the wood. They cut all the lilies that

they could find, and they sat down to tie them up, when their attention was attracted by a rustling among the bushes near them. William went to look what caused it, and he saw a little girl of about nine years of age, looking sadly at the spot near the brink of the stream where the lilies had been growing in such beauty the day before.

At the sound of William's footsteps, the little girl looked up ; and when she saw the large bunch of lilies of the valley in his hand, she burst into tears.

'What is the matter ? Why are you crying ?' said William, putting down his flowers, and going up to the child with a look of sympathy.

The little girl tried to restrain her tears, but without success ; and she said, sobbing,

'The lilies of the valley ! the lilies of the valley !'

'Do not cry,' said William, soothingly ; 'can I do anything to help you ?'

'Oh, no,' said the child, shaking her head sorrowfully ; 'you do not know why I am crying. I come from a village about a mile and a half

off, and I have run all the way here this morning to gather the first lilies of the valley, that I might sell them in the town.'

'If you are poor, I will share my bread with you,' said William, who had been in such haste to start off in the morning that he had taken his breakfast with him. Will you not like this as well as the lilies of the valley?'

'I do not care for myself,' replied the child, still sobbing. 'It was for my poor grandmother; she is very ill, and cannot eat our common food. I wanted to get a little money to buy something nice for her, to do her good. But she does not expect it, for I meant it to be a pleasant surprise, so she will not be disappointed; and I will try not to cry any more about it.'

William hesitated. His first impulse was to comfort the little girl by giving her the lilies of the valley that were intended as a present for Mrs. Pierce, but he remembered that he had no right to give away these flowers without consulting James, who had first discovered them. He begged the little girl to wait for a few minutes, and went in search of his friend,

who had gone off to watch the flight of a beautiful butterfly.

‘Do you know, James,’ said he, ‘why that little girl is crying so bitterly? She had found out this sheltered place where the early lilies grow; and she came this morning hoping to gather some, that she might sell them and get money to buy some good food for her poor sick grandmother. We have cut all the flowers that are out; there are none left for her to-day, and she is very sorry.’

James reddened, for he guessed what William was going to say; and although he pitied the little girl, he was not willing to give her his flowers.

‘If I had money I would give her some,’ said he; ‘but you know we cannot give her these lilies of the valley that we have gathered for Mrs. Pierce.’

‘If we only could give her them,’ said William, ‘she might buy some nourishing food for her poor grandmother.’

‘But what should we do then?’ asked James. ‘We should have no present to give our teacher.’

‘We should have our garlands of wild-flowers and evergreens,’ said William.

‘Oh, these are scarcely worth offering,’ said James; ‘all the other children will have as pretty garlands. I wish to have something better than theirs,—a bouquet more rare and beautiful than any of the others.’

‘Look there, James,’ said William, pointing to the poor little girl, who was going away, casting a lingering look on the flowers she had so much coveted.

James’ face flushed, but he did not move a step. The commandment of God, ‘And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise,’ and the spirit of selfishness were struggling for the mastery in his heart. He might say with the apostle, ‘Silver and gold have I none;’ but he could not add, ‘Such as I have give I thee.’ He knew that Christian charity and love may be shown in other ways than the mere giving of money. He wished to be merciful, but he was prevented by his desire to gratify his own self-will.

While James hesitated, the little girl disap-

peared, and there was now no one even to wish to share the flowers with him ; yet he was not satisfied. It is a mistake to fancy that persons who act selfishly can be perfectly happy ; there is sure to be a gnawing worm in their consciences, which prevents any real enjoyment.

James was dissatisfied with himself, and he saw that William was displeased. He looked up sorrowfully, as if repentant ; when William, as if knowing what was passing in his mind, threw his arms round his friend's neck, and earnestly entreated him to do a charitable action to the little girl and her sick grandmother by giving her the flowers.

'Remember,' said he, 'that we only wish to give a prettier present than the other children, and that will only gratify our vanity. It is true that we wish to show our affection and gratitude to Mrs. Pierce, but we can do this in other ways. This poor little girl's sick grandmother is pining for want of necessities. Ought we to refuse to help her as much as we can, even though it is very little, after all, that we can do ?'

By a great effort James overcame his selfish-

ness and vanity. Without saying a word, he took the flowers from William's hand, and ran off as fast as he could in the direction in which the little girl had gone. He soon overtook her, and cheerfully gave her the beautiful bunch of lilies of the valley. She was so surprised, that before she could find words with which to thank the generous boy, he had gone.

James was very happy ; he felt the truth of our Saviour's words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive ;' and the two little boys rejoiced together that they had been able to help a suffering fellow-creature even in so small a matter.

'Only five minutes ago,' said James, 'when I was holding the beautiful bunch of lilies of the valley in my hand, I felt as if I could not enjoy anything. Something told me that I was like the two men in the parable, who passed on the other side of the road and refused to help the wounded man. Do you remember the story?'

'Oh, yes!' said William ; 'and Mrs. Pierce told us that we ought to act like the good Samaritan, and be kind and charitable to every one.'

‘Yet I should like to have something to give to Mrs. Pierce,’ said James, ‘to show her that we are grateful for all her kindness to us.’

‘We can give her what she will value more than flowers or any other gift,’ replied William.

‘What is it?’ asked James.

‘Do you not remember the saying of our Lord, “If ye love me, keep my commandments”? We can show our love and gratitude to Mrs. Pierce by being obedient and attentive and persevering, and by striving to become as good as she would like us to be.’

‘Shall we tell her that we gathered the lilies for her, and why we gave them away?’ asked James, who earnestly desired the praise that he thought he deserved. He had yet to learn that true charity ‘seeketh not her own;’ and he forgot that our Lord has said, ‘When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly.’

‘I do not think that we ought to tell her,’

said William. 'When we do a kind action, we ought not to sound a trumpet before us, as the Pharisees of old did, to call attention to our benevolence.'

While they were talking, the two boys were on their way home with their flowers. They met James' father, who kindly stopped to look at their treasures.

'Show me what you have gathered this morning,' said he, cheerfully. 'But where are the lilies of the valley you talked so much about? Has any one discovered the sheltered place in the wood that you thought was known only to yourselves? Were the lilies of the valley all cut before you got there?'

The boys frankly told him what had taken place. James' father looked pleased to see that his boy had sacrificed his own wishes for the good of another.

'Then, boys, you have no special present for your teacher?' said he.

'No; but we have gathered plenty of flowers for the schoolroom; and besides this, we mean to try so much to please her in everything, that

she will know how grateful we feel to her, even though we cannot present her with a gift,' said William.

'I shall try with all my heart to please her,' said James.

'Quite right, my boy,' said his father, bidding them good-bye.

The two friends went home to lunch, and then played in the garden until it was time to go to the schoolroom.

When the clock struck three, a procession of children was seen approaching the gate leading to the school, which was open to receive them. The children walked two and two, each couple carrying a wreath to be hung up in the schoolroom.

Mrs. Pierce took part with pleasure in all their amusements, for she knew how important it is that a teacher should be loved as well as feared. She willingly assisted them in their decorations, and after the schoolroom had been adorned with wreaths, and the benches placed in order, she invited the children to take their places round the table. Every one admired the tasteful mix-

ture of flowers and evergreens; and yet one thing seemed wanting to the effect of the whole. Mrs. Pierce had said there was to be an unusually beautiful bouquet for the centre of the table, but there was only an empty vase.

The children began to whisper to each other that the bouquet had been forgotten; but they were all silent when Mrs. Pierce appeared, holding in her hand a fine bunch of lilies of the valley, and accompanied by James' father.

James and William became very red when they saw it: they thought the flowers were those which they had gathered, and they were quite sure of it when they saw that the lilies of the valley were tied up with the ribbon which they had taken with them in the morning for the purpose. James' eyes were fixed upon his father, with the hope of perceiving in the expression of his face whether he had anything to do with the gift of the lilies of the valley. But his father appeared so occupied in arranging the flowers in the vase, that James could discover nothing.

'The first lilies of the valley we have seen

this spring!' exclaimed several of the children. 'They are in flower very early. Where *can* Mrs. Pierce have found them?'

'They are tied up with rose-coloured ribbon,' said another child, 'like the bouquets that are given as rewards.'

Mrs. Pierce waited till the murmur of admiration was over ; she then said :

'I am very glad, my dear children, that you like the lilies of the valley, for although they are wild-flowers, they are more valuable in my eyes than the rare flowers in our gardens. These lilies have been gathered by your companions William and James, and were intended as a proof of their affection for me.'

Mrs. Pierce then related to the children the incident that had taken place in the morning. Then she added : 'I value the kind feelings of William and James to myself, but I value still more the principle of Christian love which has led them to sacrifice their own inclinations to assist a person in distress. That is indeed true charity which is accompanied by self-denial, and which is done in obedience to the command

of our Saviour, and from a desire to please Him.'

James remembered how unwilling he had been to do the very thing which now gave him so much pleasure. He did not wish to take the credit of it, and he exclaimed :

'It was William who wished to give the lilies of the valley to the girl.'

'But you had the greater share in doing it,' said William, 'for it was you who found the flowers.'

James then turned to his father, who was standing near him, and asked him if he had bought the lilies of the valley.

'Yes, my boy, I bought them ; and the poor little girl went away very happy, to buy some good food for her grandmother. I gave the lilies of the valley to your kind teacher as a gift from William and you, because I knew that she would value them as a mark of your gratitude to her for all her kindness to you. We ought to love and show gratitude to those earthly friends who are kind to us ; but let us ever remember that there is a Friend above all others

who has the first right to our affections—that all we do ought to be done from love to Him, and in obedience to His commands. If we love Him and trust in Him, this heavenly Friend will never leave us nor forsake us ; and we ought to show the same kindness to others as He has shown to us, so far as it is in our power, for has He not left us an example that we should follow His steps? “Let us love one another, for love is of God.”

‘One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend !
His is love beyond a brother’s,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

‘Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil’d in Him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a Friend in need.

‘Men, when raised to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more ;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Though they valued them before ;
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom He redeem’d with groans.

'When He liv'd on earth abas'd,
Friend of sinners was His name ;
Now, above all glory rais'd,
He rejoices in the same :
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

'Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us ?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus.
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

'Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.'

Olney Hymns.





HARRY BENNETT'S HALF-CROWN.

IT was Harry Bennett's birthday. He was just eight years old, not a day more nor a day less ; and as he stood beside his mother, he felt that he was growing to be a big man very fast. He wore boots, a black jacket, and trousers, and a new vest, which his mamma had just finished for him ; while his collar was tied with a broad black ribbon, which looked very much like a gentleman's cravat. Upon the whole, if you could have looked into his bright, honest face as he stood there, you would have come to the conclusion, that if not a very *big* he was at least a very good *little* man, and you would have wished he might live to see many more birthdays, as happy and free from care as this one.

Harry chatted very pleasantly for a while, then suddenly he grew so sober that his mother noticed it, and asked him what was the matter.

'Oh, mamma,' replied he, 'I just happened to think that in all these eight years that I have lived I have done no real good thing.'

'Why, yes, Harry, you have always been a dutiful and obedient child,' and the mother imprinted a kiss upon his noble forehead.

'But you don't understand me, mamma; I mean that I have never done anything which would make any one really glad that there was such a little boy in the world as Harry Bennett!'

'Well, and what do you propose doing now?' asked the mother, while a pleased and amused expression rested upon her face.

'You know the half-crown you gave me for a Christmas present?' said Harry.

'Yes.'

'Well, I want to give it to some very poor person to buy bread with. May I?'

'Certainly, my dear,' said the mother; 'I am

very glad to see you manifest such a generous disposition.'

Oh! you should have seen Harry when his mamma said that. His black eyes grew blacker, and bigger, and brighter, and he ran to the drawer, and took out a little silk purse which his mother had knitted for him, and with his thumb and finger, so plump and rosy, he fished out the new, shining half-crown, and prepared at once to go on his benevolent errand.

'But,' said Mrs. Bennett, 'I'm afraid my little son may be deceived, and give his money where it is not really needed; so wait a moment, and I will go with you.'

'Oh, no, dear mamma; please let me go alone, *please do*; it will seem so much better to give it away myself without any help. Then, too, I am old enough, so I ought to know who is really worthy and who is not.'

And the mother—how could she help it?—told him he might go; and when he bounded from her presence, a smile was on her lips, and a prayer in her heart, as she turned again to her sewing.

Holding fast his precious coin, little Harry tripped lightly up street, down street, into lanes and byeways, while his black eye searched eagerly in every direction for a truly worthy object on which to bestow his bounty. He saw plenty who looked poor enough ; but somehow it did not seem to him that they were just the right ones to make a good use of his money, so he kept on. After a while he met an old woman who was lame, and seemed very poor.

'Now,' thought Harry, 'I have found the right one ;' and he was just going to give her the money, when she chanced to knock her foot against something, and an oath, a naughty, wicked oath, escaped her lips.

Slipping aside, and holding his money still tighter than before, the boy went on, feeling very glad that he had not given it away yet ; and in a moment more he turned a corner, and stood face to face with a great, ugly-looking, but richly-dressed man, who had just caught a little girl by the arm, and was shaking her roughly.

'There, take that for your impudence !' exclaimed he, while his face was red with passion.

‘This is the second time within the last half-hour that you have asked me for money, you good-for-nothing young brat! Now get out with you, and don’t let me ever set eyes on you again; if you do, I will send you to prison, that I will!’

Then, giving the poor little thing an extra push, the gentleman passed on his way, while she, half frightened to death, started off on a run before Harry had recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak to her. But she had not gone far before Harry was after her as fast as his feet would well carry him; and when he got near enough, so that he thought she could hear, he called out in a pleasant, cheerful voice, ‘Wait, girl, I want to speak to you!’

Much surprised at this salutation, the child turned round, and put back the curly locks that had fallen all over her tear-wet face, just as Harry, panting and out of breath, came up.

‘Oh! that bad man isn’t going to send me to prison, is he? Oh dear, what shall I do?’ exclaimed the girl, while every feature was expressive of extreme terror.

'Don't be so frightened, poor little thing,' said Harry, kindly; 'that wicked man shan't touch you. I won't let him!' And straightening himself up, so as to be as tall as possible, the 'boy man' took the little girl's hand in his own, and walked along beside her.

'Oh, I thank you; you are so very kind!' said the child; and her blue eyes looked up with so much gratitude in them, that he felt very proud and happy.

'But what made that wicked man abuse you so?' asked Harry, after a moment's silence.

'Oh,' said the girl, 'I only asked him for a penny to buy bread with, and the first time he did not seem to hear me; so I asked him again, and he caught me, and shook me as hard as he could, and scolded me so dreadfully.'

'And why did you ask him for a penny to buy bread with? Haven't you any bread?' asked Harry, while the tears came into his eyes.

'No; and we haven't had since yesterday. Oh, I am *so* hungry! but I wouldn't mind it so much if it was only myself. I could get on

somehow or other ; but my poor mother is sick, and I wanted to get the bread for *her*.'

Harry's heart beat very fast, and he was just on the point of putting his half-crown into the little cold hand, but he thought he would learn what he could of her history first ; so he said :

'How came your mamma to be so poor, do you know?'

'Oh, yes, I will tell you all about it. As long ago as I can remember, we had a pleasant, happy home ; but a great change came, and then we were very poor. Our house was sold with all its furniture ; even the dear old piano, that mamma used to play so sweetly upon, had to go. Then father talked about going away to a distant land to get gold ; and mother cried, and I cried because mother did ; and father kissed us, and said, "May God bless you," and went away. At first he sent us money, and wrote us great, long, hopeful letters ; then the money and the letters didn't come any more, and mamma grew very sad and ill ; but she kept on working hard, and got along very well until a few weeks ago, when she hurt her arm so badly that she couldn't

work, and since then I have had to beg to keep us from starving. Oh, it is hard work to beg! to be told so many times a day, by rich and well-dressed people, that I am a cheat and a liar, when I am suffering so much from cold and hunger!

‘Oh, I’m so sorry for you!’ said Harry, sympathetically. ‘But what has become of your father? Don’t you ever expect to see him again?’

‘No; for when I ask mamma about him, she cries, and says he will never come back any more, for he is dead.’

Harry’s eyes were full of tears when the little girl said that; and he replied:

‘Poor little girl, you shall have something to buy bread with for yourself and your dear mother!’ and he laid the shining coin in the hand of the astonished child, and was turning away to avoid her expressions of gratitude, when she caught him by the arm.

‘Oh, you must go home with me, indeed you must,’ exclaimed she, ‘for you are the best little boy I ever saw in my life; and I want

mother to see you too, and thank you for your kindness.'

Harry tried to excuse himself at first ; but the little girl insisted, and he finally went with her to the miserable lodgings which her mother occupied in the basement of an old house, down close to a shipbuilding-yard. He found everything as the girl had said ; and when the sick woman laid her hand on his head, and prayed the good Father to bless him and keep him from the ways of sin, he was very glad that he went, and felt paid a thousandfold for the generous action he had performed.

'How much better,' thought he, 'to have my half-crown feeding the hungry, than to have it lying idly in my little purse, doing no good to any one ;' and his heart was so light and joyous, that he could not keep a steady, sober pace, but capered along, bounding up every now and then with a kind of a hop, which was as good an expression of his feelings as he could make.

When Harry returned to his mother, he told her all about his adventures ; and she kissed him,

and said she was very glad that he had made such a wise use of his money, and that she would go with him on the morrow, and see what could be done for the poor woman.

And when the morrow came, Mrs. Bennett and Harry set out to visit the widow and her child ; but their search for her was in vain. The room which she had occupied the day before was vacant ; and though there were other tenants under the same roof, none of them could tell whither she had gone, or what had become of her.

Harry was so sorry that he could have cried without half trying ; and Mrs. Bennett was sorry too, for, believing the woman to be worthy, she had designed to assist her all she could. But as she was gone, and no trace of her could be found, Harry and his mother were obliged to go back without having carried their good intentions into execution.

In less than three months after he had given away his half-crown, Harry's own dear mother was taken sick, and the doctor said she was so very ill that she could never get well. Oh, you

may be sure this was a bitter blow for the poor boy ; and his grief was so great, that it seemed for a time as though he would die too when his mother did ; and he almost wished it might be so. But a kind and never-erring Providence knew what was best for the child, and he lived to see his last relative laid in the grave ; then he went forth into the world, alone, friendless, penniless, and almost heart-broken, to seek a home among strangers.

For several days he went about the great city ; but his search was in vain, for no one wanted a boy that was too young to pay his way ; and at length, weary and disheartened, the poor little fellow sat down on the stone steps of a noble mansion, and gave vent to his long pent-up feelings in a flood of tears. He had not sat there long before a carriage drove up ; but he was so pre-occupied with his own great grief, that he neither saw nor heard it, and was not conscious of the presence of any one, until a soft hand was laid upon his arm, and a sweet voice said :

‘Poor little boy, what makes you feel so

badly? What has happened to make you cry so?’

Harry started up quickly, for the tones of that voice sounded strangely familiar; but when his eyes fell upon the beautiful and richly-dressed child who stood before him, he turned his head away with a bitter sigh. But the girl had seen his face and eyes, and recognised him; and away she bounded into the house, exclaiming joyfully:

‘Oh, father! mother! come quick! Here is the very boy that gave me the half-crown when I was so cold and hungry and poor!’

And back she flew to Harry, who could hardly believe that it was all real, and that he was wide awake; and putting both arms about his neck, she kissed him, and begged him not to cry. By this time the father and mother came out; and when, in answer to their kind inquiries, he told them that his mother was dead, and he was friendless and alone in the world, they said he should never want for a home, and, taking him by the hand, they led him into the house.

After the first tumult of joyful surprise was over, and it was settled that Harry should

always live with them, and be treated in every respect like their own son, Mr. and Mrs. Burton went out of the room, and left the children to enjoy a cosy little chat by themselves. And Annie (for this was the little girl's name) took her new-found brother by the hand, and led him to the sofa, where she told him all about the great change which had taken place in her fortune since she saw him last.

'You see,' said she, 'it was the very same night after you gave me the money that dear father came home. He hunted a long time before he found out where we were; and when he did find out where we lived, and came into the house, don't you think we didn't know him! But you wouldn't wonder if you had seen him, for his face was almost covered with beard and whiskers, and his hair hung down so long over his shoulders, that he looked more like a wild man than anything else. He told us that he had sent ever so many letters, with money in them, to us, but somehow we never got them; and when he saw how very destitute we were, he cried, and mother cried, and I cried. Then we

all laughed to think how all our troubles were over, and then we cried again from very joy. Well, that very evening, father went and hired some nice rooms, and took us to them, for he said his wife and child mustn't sleep another night in such a miserable place. But it wasn't much sleep we got, anyway ; for my heart was so full of happy thoughts, that my eyes wouldn't stay shut at all ; and as for father and mother, I heard them talking in low tones till daylight came in the morning. And soon after, father bought this beautiful house, and furnished it as you see ; for he had made lots of money in Australia, and came home a rich man. Oh, we were very happy. And in talking over the troubles we had passed through, we often spoke of you, and wondered where you were ; and papa said many times, if he could only find you he would pay you tenfold for your kindness. And now we have found you, and you shall be my own brother, and live with us always. Oh, I am *so* glad ! I am *so* glad !'

And the beautiful child put her arms round Harry's neck, and for a time they laughed and

talked together; then the boy, with his little heart brimful of joy and gratitude, thought of a text his mother had taught him, and felt that it was true. Here it is: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'





THE BUTTERFLY;

OR,

MANY FAULTS SPRING FROM ONE.

‘OH, what a beautiful butterfly! I must catch it,’ said Julia, running after the pretty insect, which was fluttering from flower to flower in the garden.

But the butterfly did not wish to be caught. Sometimes it settled for a moment, and allowed the child to approach it; then, as soon as she put out her hand, it flew off and left her at a greater distance than ever, but Julia continued to pursue it. At length, it lighted on a rose, and appeared to wish to rest there for a little, for it folded its beautiful wings, and seemed quite settled.

'Now, pretty butterfly, you are mine,' said Julia, carefully approaching it, and trying suddenly to grasp the flower. She missed the rose, and her hand was scratched by the thorns, whilst the butterfly flew off uninjured. The little girl lost her temper. 'Ah, you wicked butterfly, if I could catch you, you should suffer for this.'

She ran on in pursuit till she saw the butterfly settle upon some tall grass.

'I have you now,' cried she, seizing it suddenly. The butterfly was caught, but Julia did not escape ; for in her haste her foot slipped, she fell forward, and was severely stung by the nettles which were growing among the grass, and she screamed with pain and fright.

Her mother was writing at the open window of the drawing-room, and, alarmed by Julia's cries, she hastened to her assistance. Mrs. Beaumont lifted up her little girl, and, seeing her flushed face and scratched arms, she said to her, 'Oh, Julia, how has this happened?'

But Julia did not care to answer, for she knew how her mother hated cruelty, and how

many times she had forbidden her to catch and torment insects ; she therefore said nothing, but continued to cry bitterly.

Mrs. Beaumont took the closed hand of the child, which still held the beautiful butterfly ; she opened the hand, and finding the poor insect crushed, she said gravely : ‘ I know now whose fault it is that you are hurt.’

‘ Surely, mamma, it was the fault of the butterfly to make me run so fast ; and then it was the fault of the gardener for having left those nettles among the grass.’

‘ If you can prove to me,’ replied her mother, ‘ that the butterfly forced you to run after it, or that you were obliged to run after it, or that you were obliged to fall among the grass, I may perhaps agree with you ; but at present I think that Julia is the only person to be blamed, and that she has committed so many faults as to deserve more suffering than that which is the consequence of this accident.’

‘ As if a butterfly was of any consequence ?’ said Julia, in a cross tone ; ‘ and I am so much hurt !’ Then she wept more than ever.

‘You are adding to your faults by your bad temper,’ remarked her mother ; ‘but come in, I will bathe your face, and then we shall talk about your morning’s amusement.’

Julia threw the dead butterfly among the grass, and followed her mother, pouting and looking very sulky. Mrs. Beaumont bathed her daughter’s face with a lotion which soothed the pain ; and then, making her sit down on the sofa beside her, she said : ‘Now, Julia, tell me how many faults you committed in this single act.’

Julia was silent. Her mother desired her to answer.

‘Well, mamma, I think it was a fault to do what you had forbidden me.’

‘Yes, it was *disobedience*. Then you chose the time when you knew that I was busy, and that I was not watching you. This was *deceit*. Now, count while I go on.’

Julia counted two, and looked much confused.

‘*Cruelty* is a very great fault, and *anger* is another.’

‘I have, then, committed four faults, mamma.’

‘Many more; for not only you refused to confess your faults, but you wished to throw the blame upon others, which proves that you were rebelling against the just punishment which you had received. Then you despised the works of God by saying that a butterfly was of no consequence, and you were cross and angry that my love for you did not blind me to your faults.’

‘Oh, mamma,’ interrupted Julia, now weeping penitently, ‘do not count any more. I am frightened to think how naughty I have been. I entreat you to forgive me for all my faults.’

‘Julia,’ replied her mother, ‘you thought very lightly of these faults a short time ago; but I am glad that you now feel that you have been wrong. I have only shown you what you have done in a few minutes. Examine your heart, my child, and you will see much sin there. You ask me to forgive you; but that is of little consequence, if the Almighty God, who sees and knows all that we do, has not forgiven you.’

The child sighed deeply, and said to her mother, 'What ought I to do, then ?'

'Pray to your heavenly Father to forgive your sins for the sake of His dear Son Jesus.'

Julia knelt down and implored the pardon of her sins in the name of her Saviour. Her mother knelt beside her, and added a fervent prayer that the Holy Spirit would create a new heart within her.

'I fear, mamma,' said the little girl, as she rose from her knees, 'that you think me very cruel ; but indeed I did not wish to torment or kill the poor butterfly, I only wanted to look at it.'

'And could you not look at it when it had settled upon the flowers ?'

'Yes, mamma, but it amused me to run after it.'

'That is the very essence of cruelty, to torment an innocent creature for your amusement ; and it is very sinful to torture any of God's creatures. He who made you able to run made the insect to fly ; the same sun shines for both of you ; you breathe the same air ; in one

sense, we may say that birds and insects are more especially the objects of God's care, as He Himself feedeth them, while you, for example, are fed and cared for by others under Him, and not directly by God.'

'Do you think, mamma, that God cares for a butterfly?'

'I do not doubt it, for we are told in His word that all creatures wait upon Him, that He may give them their food in due season; and the saints in glory sing His praise, saying: "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."¹ Our Lord Jesus Christ says that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father.² He said also: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"³ On many other occasions He directed the attention of His disciples to the care which God takes of all the feeblest of His creatures. No cruel person can have "the mind of Christ."⁴ The

¹ Rev. iv. 11. ² Matt. x. 29. ³ Luke xii. 6. ⁴ 2 Cor. ii. 16.

love of Christ and feelings of cruelty cannot exist in the same heart.'

'What did you mean, mamma, when you said that I despised the works of God ?'

'We have no right to look upon any of God's creatures as of no consequence ; and perhaps of all the works of creation there are few more interesting or wonderful than the butterfly—none, certainly, which teach us more important and useful lessons.'

'Why so, mamma ?'

'In the first place, because it shows God's wonderful care for all His creatures. The beauty and admirable structure of the butterfly, its marvellously painted wings, its eyes like a multiplying glass, its curiously-formed tongue, and its strange transformations, proclaim, in language not to be mistaken, that "The Lord of Hosts is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."'

Mrs. Beaumont then told Julia to look in the grass for the dead butterfly, and to bring it into the house, that she might show her some parts of it in the microscope. But as these

had to be prepared by putting them on pieces of glass, Mrs. Beaumont told Julia to learn in the meantime Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful lines about butterflies :

' Lo ! the bright train their radiant wings unfold,
With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with gold ;
On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower,
They, idly fluttering, live their little hour ;
Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,
All spring their age, and sunshine all their day.
What atom forms of insect life appear !
And who can follow Nature's pencil there ?
Their wings with azure, green, and purple gloss'd ;
Studded with coloured eyes, with gems emboss'd ;
Inlaid with pearls, and marked with various stains
Of lively crimson through their dusky veins.'

The next day Mrs. Beaumont showed Julia a part of the wing of the butterfly in the microscope. The scales, of various forms, and coloured, were placed closely together on the wing. To the naked eye these look like fine dust, but in the microscope they appear as beautifully formed scales placed in like fine mosaic work. In a piece of a butterfly's wing a quarter of an inch square, seventy rows were counted, each containing ninety scales ; there

were therefore 6300 on one side of this small portion of wing. In a square inch there must be the amazing number of 100,736 scales.

‘How wonderful! how beautiful!’ exclaimed Julia, as she looked through the microscope. ‘What lovely colours!’

Yet, beautiful as the butterflies are in this country, they are still more lovely in Africa. Lander, the traveller, thus describes them: ‘One beautiful sight was that of an incredible number of butterflies, fluttering about like a swarm of bees. They were variegated by the most brilliant tints and colourings imaginable. The wings of some were of a shining green, edged and sprinkled with gold; others were of sky-blue and silver; others of purple and gold, delightfully blending into each other; and the wings of several were like dark silk velvet, trimmed and braided with lace.’

‘But you told me that there was something curious about their eyes, mamma.’

‘You have a multiplying glass, Julia; you know that when you look through it, you see many pictures of the same object? The eye of the

butterfly is what is called a compound eye—that is, it has the appearance of a multiplying glass. Under a microscope, these compound eyes seem to consist of a great number of six-sided pieces: Their number varies from 20,000 to 50,000 in a single eye. Every one of them received the image of an object, so that a butterfly may, without exaggeration, be said to possess 40,000 eyes.'

'What a wonderful number!' said Julia; 'but you said the tongue, too, was very curious.'

'Yes; as butterflies eat only the honey placed at the bottom of the tubes of flowers, they have an organ fitted for its office. This tongue is a slender, hollow tube, sometimes three inches long; and when it is not required, it is rolled up like the mainspring of a watch. When the butterfly wants to use it, it can unroll it, send it down to the heart of the flower, and draw up the delicious nectar. God, who created the flowers, has also created the butterfly with an organ fitted to feed upon the honey produced in them.'

'What a pleasant life the butterfly has, mamma,' said Julia. 'To flutter about from

flower to flower in the sunshine, feeding on delicious honey, without having to work at all, seems a happy life.'

'Yes ; unless they meet with children as cruel as you have been, Julia, who would torment them, and end their short, pleasant life in wanton carelessness. God made them to enjoy the sunshine and flowers, and you have deprived at least this one of its birthright.

'Oh, mamma, I am very sorry,' said Julia. 'I would not have done it if I had known all that you have told me now. I see that God cares for the butterflies, since they are so beautifully and wonderfully made. I will never wilfully destroy any of His works again. But now tell me about their wings.'

'I have shown you the scales with which the wings are covered, but these, though more beautiful, are scarcely more wonderful than the nervures or veins which run through the wings. The nervures are a kind of hollow tubes, which begin in the body of the creature, and gradually get less as they approach the edge of the wing. It is by means of these that the butterfly moves

its wings, and is supported in its flight, like a sail by its cordage. How wonderful the care of God for the butterfly, in providing it with all that can preserve its existence and ensure the happiness of its short life! Do you not think, Julia, that it is a sinful thing to destroy such a beautiful work of God?’

‘Oh, yes, mamma; I know now that I have been very wrong, and I will never do it again.’

‘But the life of a butterfly teaches us far higher lessons. When I think of what a butterfly is, and what it has been, I feel that it is the emblem of what is most important for us.’

‘Of what is it the emblem, mamma?’

‘Of the resurrection of our bodies. You know, my child, that when the butterfly first comes out of the egg, it is in the form of a worm, a crawling creature, unable to raise itself above the ground. It resembles you and me; our bodies are formed of the dust of the earth, and must return to dust again. By nature we feel ourselves little inclined, and still less able, to rise to heavenly things. We are too much inclined to pursue imaginary pleasures, as you

chased the poor butterfly to-day, continually offending God by our over-anxiety for the passing enjoyments of this life, which, in the end, bring us only bitterness and sorrow. Like the caterpillar, too, we feed on the fruits of the earth, often without feeling more gratitude than it does to Him who has so richly provided for us.'

'All this is very sad, mamma. And you said that the sight of the butterfly gave you pleasure. How can this be?'

'The pleasure I have in looking at the butterfly is caused not only by its beauty, which shows me the wonderful hand of God in its creation, but the changes that it undergoes reminds us of the promise which God has given us in His word, that the Lord Jesus Christ will "change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."¹ The wonderful change that takes place in the butterfly is an emblem of that which will take place in us. The crawling worm, after feeding for a certain time on

¹ Phil. iii. 21.

the earth, prepares a chrysalis for itself, in which it remains apparently dead.'

'What is a chrysalis, mamma?'

'It is a case,—I might call it a coffin,—which the caterpillar prepares for itself, and in which it lies as if dead. The creature forms a tomb for itself, in which it remains without sense or motion for a considerable time. No trace of life is apparent; but at last the tomb opens, and a winged creature comes forth, with a nobler form, arrayed in beauty, and fitted for a higher state of existence. You may find the caterpillars of the common peacock butterfly upon nettles, and others upon cabbages and other vegetables. If you take them carefully and put them in a box, with plenty of leaves to feed upon, and keep them clean, you may watch them preparing the chrysalis or coffin from which they will come out to new and higher life.'

'Oh, mamma,' said Julia, 'will you allow me to do this?'

'Yes, my dear, because this is not cruel, if you provide the caterpillar with plenty of food.'

You must give it the leaves of the plant on which you find it. You will see it form for itself the chrysalis, and after a certain time the chrysalis will open, and the perfect creature will come forth. But remember, Julia, that it would then be cruel to keep this creature a prisoner. You must set it free at once, to enjoy its short life in the sunshine and among the flowers.'

'Oh, yes, mamma, I should like to see it fly away.'

'When I see the flight of this beautiful creature in the air, I admire and adore the wisdom of its Creator, and I feel inclined to say with David, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken Thou me according to Thy word."¹ Then my spirit longs for the regions of life and light and joy, into which I hope one day to be admitted, through the merits and suffering of my glorious Redeemer, when the days of my pilgrimage on earth are over! Thus you see that the beautiful butterfly makes me think of the joys of heaven.'

¹ Ps. cxix. 25.

‘Oh, mamma,’ said the little girl, weeping, ‘how sorry I am that I killed the butterfly!’

‘To hurt or to kill a creature unnecessarily is a very sinful act, my dear child, and is very unlike the example of Christ, which we ought to follow. You have learned to-day, by bitter experience, that you have in your heart the germs of disobedience, of anger, of pride, of cruelty, of deceit, and of indifference to the glory of your Creator, as manifested in His works. A little butterfly fluttering before you has brought to light in a few minutes all these evil feelings. Oh, my dear child, what must our hearts appear in the eyes of Him who is perfectly pure and holy? Therefore let us pray to Him to “create within us a clean heart, and renew within us a right spirit.”’

‘Here, on this sunny slope,
A butterfly just born,
Doth his new wings with rapture ope
Unto the genial morn.
Why should I fear the grave,
This proof before mine eyes?
The worm these gorgeous wings He gave
To tell me I shall rise.’—E. HORTON.

**MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.**

"We strongly recommend those of our readers who are on the look-out for Prizes and Presents, to send to Oliphant & Co., Edinburgh, for a Prospectus of Children's Books."—BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

LIST
OF
NEW AND POPULAR JUVENILE BOOKS.



PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM OLIPHANT & COMPANY,
24 ST GILES STREET, EDINBURGH.

1875.

"For half a century, we suppose, if not more, Messrs Oliphant have, in addition to other and larger works, continued from time to time to issue some of the very healthiest and most attractive juvenile literature in the language."—UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE.



"The young people thought of prolonging their ramble to a beautiful glen."
THE ORPHANS OF GLENULVA, page 119.

Two Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Foolscap 8vo, Illustrated.

1. Anna Ross ; or, The Orphan of Waterloo.
2. Edged Tools : A Book about Boys.
3. Father Clement.
4. The Great Pilot.
5. Joseph the Jew.
6. Katie Johnstone's Cross.
7. Kitto's Lost Senses.
8. The Orphans of Glenulva.
9. Pollok's Tales of the Covenanters.
10. Tales of the Scottish Peasantry.
11. Whitecross's Old Testament Anecdotes.
12. Witnessing for Jesus in the Homes of the Poor.
13. Duncan's (Mrs Mary Lundie) Memoir.
14. A Book for Governesses. By one of them.
15. Scott (Sir Walter), Life of. Cheap Edition.
16. Life of Dr John Kitto. By Dr Eadie.
17. Laurence Gillmore: the Peasant and the Pastor.
18. Lucy Raymond; or, The Children's Watchword.
19. Mary Mathieson; or, Duties and Difficulties.

Two Shillings Each.

Illustrated, Sq. 18mo, or Foolscap.

1. *Anna Ross.* 16mo.
2. *The Beauty and her Plain Sister.*
3. *Bygone Days in our Village.*
4. *The Decision; or, Religion must be All or is Nothing.*
5. *Duncan's Cottage Fireside.*
6. *The Family at Heatherdale.*
7. *Last Days of the Martyrs.*
8. *Margaret of Navarre.*
9. *Philip Colville : A Covenanter's Story.*
10. *Pierre and his Family.*
11. *Principles and Practice.*
12. *Profession is not Principle.*
13. *Steps in the Dark.* By Mrs Henderson.
14. *Stories by the Author of "Pierre."*
15. *Whitecross's Anecdotes on the Shorter Catechism.*
16. *Whitecross's Anecdotes on the New Testament.*
17. *Whitecross's Moral and Religious Anecdotes.*
18. *Young Calvin in Paris; or, The Scholar and the Cripple.*
19. *A Year Abroad.*
20. *Bible Jewels.*
21. *Anna Lee : The Maiden, Wife, and Mother.*
22. *The Christian Warrior.*
23. *Bible Pearls.*
24. *The Crown of Virtue.*
25. *Bible Wonders.*
26. *Jessie Grey.*
27. *The Old and New Home.*
28. *The German Drummer Boy.*
29. *Allice Herbert, and Emily's Choice.*
30. *Sowing the Good Seed.*
31. *Master Peter's Wanderings in Search of Knowledge.*
32. *The Besieged City, and the Heroes of Sweden.*
33. *Joseph Pilmor, the Quaker Soldier.*
34. *Franziska; or, The Feldheim Family.* A Story for Girls.
By Miss Clarke. With Illustrations.
1. *His Excellency.* By the Author of "Biddy."

One Shilling and Sixpence Each.

With Illustrations and Handsome Illuminated Side.

1. **Annot and her Pupil.**
2. **The Cousins Reconciled; or, Prejudice Overcome.**
3. **Tales of my Sunday Scholars.** By Mrs Scott.
4. **Little Alfred; or, The Influence of Home Training.**
5. **The Lycee Boys : A Tale of School Life in France.** By R. Hope Moncrieff.
6. **Eaton Parsonage.**
7. **The Race for Gold; or, The City Merchant and his Country Brother.**
8. **The Goldsmith's Widow.** And other Stories.
9. **The Martyr Shepherd : A Story of the Scottish Covenanters.** By R. Hope Moncrieff.
10. **Mr Lealie's Stories.** By the same Author.
11. **Lucy Smith, the Music Governess.**
12. **Jem the Tinker and his Children.**
13. **Four Years in a Cave.**
14. **Until the Shadows Flee Away: A True Tale of Last Century.**
15. **Marian Temple's Work, and what came of it.** By Mrs Henderson.

With Gilt Side.

16. **Ned's Motto.**
17. **Crossing the Line.**
18. **Bertie Lee; or, The Threshold of Life.**
19. **A Little Leaven.**
20. **Ocean Venture.**
21. **Beacon Lights.**
22. **Drifting and Steering,**
23. **The Gate of Pearl.**
24. **Little Effie's Home.**
25. **The Wonderful Pocket.**
26. **The Magic Shoes.**
27. **The Magic Spectacles.**

In Foolscap.

28. **Aunt Mabel's Prayer.**
29. **The Exiles of France.**
30. **Martin the Weaver; or, The Power of Gold.**
31. **Mrs Gibbon's Parlour-Maid.**
32. **Doctor Dunbar, and Elsie's Trial.** By M. G. Hogg.
With Illustrations.
33. **Ivan Papof. A Tale founded on Facts.** By the Author
of "Lucy Smith," etc. With Illustrations.

One Shilling Each.**With Illuminated Side and Frontispiece, Cloth, New Style.**

1. **Andrew Campbell's Visit** to his Irish Cousins. By Grace Kennedy.
2. **Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot and Potter.**
3. **Charlotte and her Enemy.**
4. **The Diamond Wreath.**
5. **Eadie's Lectures to the Young.**
6. **Fitzallan the Catechist;** containing the original Story of "The Sea Boy's Grave."
7. **The Gardener's Daughter,** and Mary Grant.
8. **Hannah's Home.**
9. **Jessie Allan, the Lame Girl.**
10. **Kitty Brown beginning to Think.**
11. **Lame Allan; or, Cast thy Burden on the Lord.** By Mrs Scott.
12. **Lame John, and the Green Brook Schoolboys.**
13. **Lily Douglas.**
14. **Little Pansy, the Minister's Orphan Daughter.**
15. **Little Sabbath-breakers,** and Mary and Archie Graham.
16. **Little Tales on Great Truths.**
17. **Military Blacksmith, and Highland Chairman.**
18. **Morning. A Book for Mothers and Children.**
19. **Order and Disorder.**
20. **Pollok's Helen of the Glen.**
21. **Pollok's Persecuted Family.**
22. **Pollok's Ralph Gemmill.**
23. **Scottish Stories.**
24. **The Student's Walk.**
25. **Susan and Magdalena.**
26. **The Broken Hyacinth.**
27. **The Manse of Sunnyside;** or, Trials of a Minister's Family.
28. **The Hallet Family: A Story for the Young.**
29. **The Mother Dove. And other Stories.**
30. **Thomas Shaw and his Daughter Alice.**
31. **Tom Ilderton. By Mrs Scott.**
32. **The Two Friends, and The Rescue.**
33. **Why the Mill was Stopped.**
34. **Widow Gray, and Elspeth Sutherland.**
35. **The Basket of Flowers.**
36. **Thy Kingdom Come.**
37. **Little Eddy Hill.**
38. **The Angel Fairy.**
39. **Pleasant Grove.**
40. **The Dairyman's Daughter.**
41. **The Pet Lamb. By the Author of "The Basket of Flowers."**
42. **The Young Artist. By the Author of "The Basket of Flowers."**
43. **The Easter Eggs. By the same Author.**
44. **The Stolen Child. By the same Author.**
45. **Countess Margarethe and her Children.**

Sixpence Each.

With Illuminated Side and Frontispiece, Cloth Neat.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Alice Shaw and Ellen Gordon. | 18. The Fir-Tree of the Jura. |
| 2. Captain John's Adventures; or, The Story of a Fatherless Boy. | 19. The First Christmas-Tree. |
| 3. Elspeth Sutherland. | 20. The Rescue. |
| 4. Fanny Garden. | 21. The Two Friends. |
| 5. The Gardener's Daughter. | 22. Thomas Shaw; or, The Baby's Baptism. |
| 6. Henry and Eliza. | 23. Widow Grey and her Family. |
| 7. The Highland Chairman. | 24. The Young Cottager. |
| 8. Jessy Allan, the Lame Girl. | 25. The Dairyman's Daughter. |
| 9. Little Patience; or, The Child that loved the Saviour. | 26. The German Pastor. |
| 10. Little Sabbath-Breakers. | 27. Dick Ennis. By R. Hope Moncrieff. |
| 11. Mary Grant; or, The Secret Fault. | 28. How to be Beautiful. |
| 12. Mary and Archie Graham. | 29. Pleasant Words. |
| 13. Military Blacksmith. | 30. Blanche Gamond, a Heroine of the French Reformation. By the Rev. R. B. Blyth. |
| 14. Old Margie's Flower Stall. | 31. Little Blue Mantle. From the French. By Mrs Campbell Overend. |
| 15. The Orphan of Kinloch, and Young Pedlar of Carrioulin. | 32. The Lieutenant's Daughters. |
| 16. Sarah's Present. | |
| 17. Sketches of Broadburn; or, A Visit to Uncle Seton. | |

Fourpence Each.

Nos. 1 to 29 of the above Series, in Illuminated Paper Covers.

Pearl Series. With Illuminated Side and Coloured Frontispiece. Cloth Neat.

Price Sixpence Each.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. The Pearl of Forgiveness. | 8. The Little Forester. |
| 2. The Pearl of Contentment. | 9. The Little Woodman. |
| 3. The Pearl of Peace. | 10. Waste not, Want not. |
| 4. The Pearl of Meekness. | 11. The White Dove. |
| 5. The Pearl of Faith. | 12. The Bracelets. |
| 6. The Pearl of Diligence. | 13. Paul Cuffee, the Black Hero. By the Author of "Tibbie the Charwoman." |
| 7. Little Henry and his Bearer. | |

Oliphant's Ninepenny Books.

Small 8vo, Cloth.

Each with Beautiful Illuminated Side and Coloured Frontispiece.

THE LITTLE FAN SERIES.

1. **Robbie's Christmas Dream.**
2. **Sketches of my Childhood.**
3. **Little Fan; or, The London Match Girl.**
4. **The Young Exile.**
5. **Sam Silva.** By the Author of "Biddy, the Maid of all Work."
6. **The Young Comforters.**

THE SPRINGDALE SERIES.

Just Published.

7. **The Boys of Springdale.**
8. **George Leatrim; or, the Mother's Test.**
9. **The Little Ballet Girl.**
10. **Catharine's Peril.**
11. **The Village Flower Show.**
12. **Little Nellie; or, He careth for You.**

"Prettier little books, with prettier little stories, for young children, need not be desired."—*Literary World.*

Oliphant's Pictorial Hymn Cards,

Richly Illuminated, Beautifully Illustrated and Printed in Colours and Gold.

Price 1s. 6d. each.

- | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|---|---|--------------------|
| 1. MORNING PRAYER, | . | . | . | By Mary L. Duncan. |
| 2. EVENING PRAYER, | . | . | . | „ Mary L. Duncan. |
| 3. WHATEVER BRAWLS, | . | . | . | „ Isaac Watts. |
| 4. WHENE’ER I TAKE | . | . | . | „ Isaac Watts. |
| 5. JESUS LOVES ME, | . | . | . | „ Anna Warner. |
| 6. SWEET BY AND BYE, | . | . | . | „ S. F. Bennett. |

The last two form a most appropriate Souvenir of
MOODY AND SANKEY’S VISIT.

MEN OF MARK, in British Church History. By Rev. Dr Marshall. Small crown 8vo, with Four Illustrations, price 3s. 6d.

SCENES AND SKETCHES, in English Church History. By Chas. M. S. Clarke. Crown 8vo, with Handsome Frontispiece, price 5s.



